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The First Missionary Journey

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We Thank You for Our New Motherhouse

The end of the old year and the beginning of the new have already blended imperceptibly into each other. So it is with everything past and future: the former is work done, traditions established, plans made; the latter is the building on the past.

Our readers are familiar with the story of the beginning of our Society in a little rented house at 1000 Newton Street, Brookland, D. C., on September 30, 1925; of our subsequent move, occasioned by high rent and cramped quarters, to a house near the Franciscan Monastery; of the necessity to move again when plans for the erection of Holy Name College were completed; of our purchase of a little six-acre islet of land in Catholic University property which has been our home since April, 1929.

Needless to say, this place, being our own, is nearer and dearer to us than the others. We consider it our cradle, and were it not for the need of development and growth, we would fold our arms, add a little bit here and there and keep on managing.

But—"the harvest is ripe and the laborers are few." We must push on to send an army of Medical Missionaries to India, Africa and China—to all the mission world. We must recruit generous souls to serve in the mission field as the Red Cross serves on the field of war. When mission bishops ask us to come to their aid, we must be able to say, "Yes," and to answer the summons without delay. We must make every possible effort to carry out the Holy Father's wish to bring aid to mothers and children in mission lands, not in the next generation, but in ours. We must develop. Each and every sister in our Society realizes this; each and every one has prayed and worked for larger quarters—for a permanent Motherhouse.

There were times when it almost seemed as if St. Joseph had forgotten us. Over and over we told him in his hymn, "No home can we see!"—until at last on October 3, the Feast of the Little Flower, we found within the confines of the City of Brotherly Love a site which the priest of the parish pronounced "beautiful, healthful and in a very good location." After mature deliberation, it was decided to buy it. The agreement was signed on November 21, the Feast of the Presentation of Our Lady, and in a short time the deed is to be ours. Our joy is great—and so is our gratitude to our many kind and generous benefactors.

Our new Motherhouse is not ready-made by any means. The site is beautiful—but the grounds have seen better days. And the house, though solid and simple, is not large enough to harbor us all. Another few years of managing and inconvenience are ahead of us, but if God continues to bless us with vocations, it will not take long before friends of our cause will make it possible for us to build a novitiate. To help the sick and poor in the missions—or for that matter, anywhere in the world—is not the monopoly of a few sisters; it is and always has been the hand-in-hand work of all true Catholics.

Starting our new Motherhouse seems a tremendous and arduous undertaking—but we have the good wishes of our beloved Archbishop, the Most Rev. Michael J. Curley, under whose auspices our Society was founded, and who has no other wish than to see us prosper and grow. We have, too, a most cordial welcome from his Eminence, Cardinal Dougherty, who has been a friend of the Society from the beginning, having realized the need of our work from his own past experience as a mission bishop.

Our Washington friends have told us plainly that they forgive our move only because we are keeping our place in the District as a house of studies; they have promised to remain staunch and faithful. Philadelphia is a new city to us, yet we do not go there as complete strangers, and we have every hope and confidence that the great Catholic population and the medical and nursing schools will help us to achieve the purpose of our Society.

As everything depends on God's blessing, may you, Dear Reader, say at least in your heart: "God bless the Medical Mission Sisters in their new Motherhouse in Philadelphia."

—ANNA DENGEL.

High Spots on a Mission Cruise

By

ANNA DENGEL, S.C.M.M., M.D.

Nanking

Early on April 6, after a 350-mile journey from Shanghai, we reached Nanking, the capital of the Chinese Republic since 1927. Being complete strangers, our anchor of hope was a Catholic church where we could find a priest to help us. In vain we looked for an information bureau—later we were to understand the reason for its absence, since among the 960,000 inhabitants there are only about 600 foreign residents. Incidentally, I may mention that of the 17 nationalities represented, the Americans, numbering 180, formed the largest group. The greater number of them were connected with Ginling College and other missionary endeavors.

An alert young Chinese official saw our predicament and came to our rescue. He spoke English, and without more ado took our handbags in custody, wrote directions for reaching a Catholic church in Chinese on a little slip of paper and pointed out the way to a nearby bus station, where we were to present our slip to the driver. In no time at all we were comfortably settled in a very modern vehicle with nothing to do but admire the stately public buildings as we drove along.

After a considerable distance, we reached the terminus, where we were at once spotted by a little army of coolies who vied with each other to have us as customers. But our bus driver soon brought order into the contending crowd, and gave directions to the two victorious coolies.

We started off at a pace which was pleasant enough along the smooth pavements, but set us bouncing at a great rate when the streets became mud roads. Absorbed in our progress through narrow lanes, between monotonous walls, past artisans at work in the open streets, it was almost a surprise when we suddenly found ourselves deposited outside the gate of the church. Alighting from our one-seaters, we were making our way toward the door when we were met by a young Chinaman who, much to our surprise and relief, greeted us in French. We hastened to inquire if it were possible to receive Holy Communion. He was most courteous, asked for our visiting cards and directed us into the church while he made the necessary arrangements.

After the usual thanksgiving time, a Chinese seminarian, whom we at first mistook for a priest, invited us—in perfect French—to come over to the rectory for breakfast. Needless to say, nothing pleased us more. Under his guidance, we found ourselves in a large room of monastic simplicity, where we were served coffee, biscuits and Chinese oranges—these last were very sweet and delicious. Last of all came a cup of tea! All the while we were kept company by the Very Rev. Father Tchang, administrator of the diocese, who also conversed fluently in French, and we took advantage of the opportunity to explain the circumstances and object of our visit.

Very Rev. Luc Tchang

"How," we asked, "can we best see Nanking?" He and the seminarian held a minute's conversation in Chinese, the outcome of which was that the seminarian, Mr. Stephanus Wei, offered to be our guide for the day! We almost jumped with joy, but knew enough about Chinese decorum to convey our gratitude and appreciation in a manner which, if less expressive, was more becoming.

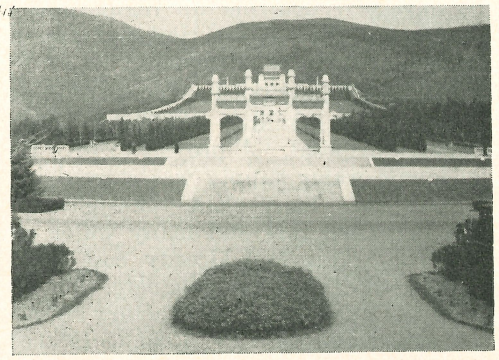
Father Tchang graciously called a taxi, and during the interim permitted us to snap his picture. We spent a few minutes also visiting the neighboring school. It was Children's Day in Nanking, Father explained, and there were no classes, but he introduced us to the Chinese sisters, garbed in black Chinese costume and wearing little black skull-caps, who, unable to speak our language, bowed and smiled their greeting. A few little tots had remained at home and were just then helping the sisters with the salting of eggs, *à la* Chinese.

With the arrival of the taxi we were off, and fortunate we were to have such a quick method of travel at our disposal, for as time proved, we had great distances to cover. The area within the city walls alone is more than forty square miles!

We left the city through one of the historic gates and turned toward the Purple Mountains, which form a beautiful background for the capital. Our first visit was to the Ming tombs. We picked our way along a path through a walled garden and past a gate guarded by a large marble tortoise, on which were engraved the names of the first three Ming emperors. We then came upon an avenue of splendid stone figures—dogs, horses, elephants, lions, high officials—all life-size, and set to guide the deceased safely into the other world. At the end of this unique avenue, behind a second gate, was the simple mausoleum, but the actual remains of the emperors are under a big mound of earth still farther back.

It was a glorious spring day. The frostiness of the air blending with the mild sunshine effected that physical well-being which brightens spirits and quickens steps. The sky was blue. Every tree was besprinkled with buds; the peach trees actually had burst forth into blossom. The memory of the old Mings, the inevitable thought of the rise and fall of dynasties in contrast with the stability of the ever-recurring seasons, lent itself to musings. But time was short and we had to push on.

Our next halt was at the foot of Sun-Yat-Sen's burial place—a leap from the past to the present. The Chinese have spared neither labor nor money to enshrine the Father of the Republic in a befitting monument, and nature herself has lent it the majesty of a high and mountainous background: it is the most impressive mausoleum I have ever seen. Three-hundred-and-eighty-five marble steps, interrupted at intervals by platforms and arches, lead up to this magnificent memorial, which is decorated



Sun-Yat-Sen Memorial

in blue, vermillion and imperial yellow of the Chinese style.

In an inner vault, under several heavy layers of marble and concrete, lies the body of Sun-Yat-Sen. We saw throngs of children filing past the tomb, silent, with bowed heads, paying their respects to the hero of their country. Nor, we were told, was this a mere form; these children knew the ideals and achievements of their great leader. Schoolbooks tell them of the struggles of his youth, of his medical career; of his nine unsuccessful attempts of revolution interrupted by flights for safety to America, Hawaii and England; of the establishment of the Republic

Nanking Lake

and his election to the presidency; and of his subsequent triumphs and failures. Above all, these children are imbued with the *San Min Chu I,* the so-called principles concerning the people, which Sun-Yat-Sen gave to China. It is said that they were inspired by Lincoln's summing up of democracy: "Government of the people, by the people, for the people." Regardless of nationality, one must stand in reverence at the tomb of a man who could say in his last will and testament: "For forty years I have spent all my energy for the cause of the national revolution; for more than forty years I have been a Christian, have been fighting the devil."

Not far from this national shrine is the resting place of the heroes of the revolution in the so-called cemetery of martyrs. Here, too, the surroundings are striking; there is a certain sense of fitness in finding these men who so loved their country as to give their lives for her, resting thus in the heart of her beauty.

On our return to the city we were amazed to see a huge, modern stadium. From it we could distinguish, on a nearby hill, the red brick home of the Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek, military dictator of China. It is he who initiated the "New Life Movement," which aims to foster the respect of foreigners for the Chinese. Inspired by principles laid down by Confucius, the Generalissimo conceived the following precepts:

Regard yesterday as a period of death; today as a period of life. . . . Let us rid ourselves of the old abuses and build up a new nation. . . . Let us accept the heavy responsibility of reviving the nation. . . . We must observe rules and have faith, honesty and self-respect. . . . Our clothing, eating, living and traveling must be simple, orderly, plain and clean. . . . We must

willingly face hardships; we must strive for frugality. . . . We must have adequate knowledge and moral integrity as citizens. . . . We must act courageously and swiftly. . . . We must fulfil our promises and also act without promising.

That very day we had occasion to see that Sun-Yat-Sen's spirit is not dead, that the "New Life Movement" has taken root. As mentioned before, we had the good fortune to be in Nanking on Children's Day. About noon we went to the park to witness the exercises. There we saw thousands of children, garbed in neat, western-style uniforms, marching past in rank and file, each class carrying its own banner. Of the 90,000 Nanking children of primary school age, 60,000 are said to go to school, but there seemed to be many more than that present—probably they had come from the outlying districts as well. Squadrons of boy scouts were lined up to drill; overhead the Chinese flag fluttered proudly in the spring breeze.

There was speech after speech—rather lengthy for the youthful audience. One of the orators was an American doctor, who impressed upon the rising generation the importance of health. For at least two hours we listened and waited in the heat of the noon-day sun—mostly waited. We were right in the midst of hundreds of children, many of whom seemed only eight or ten years old; we did not see even one unruly incident. They stood through it all, polite, patient, quiet, obedient, orderly; the teachers were scarcely in evidence. Truly, it was a spectacle that impressed me more deeply than anything else in China. A nation rooted in such discipline has a chance to win out ultimately in the world.

Foot-weary from the long standing, tired from straining our eyes and ears to absorb impressions and information, dusty and hungry, we were only too glad when about 2 p. m. our guide suggested lunch.

"Would you like a European or a Chinese restaurant?" he asked.

"Oh, Chinese!" we chorused, and under his smiling guidance we wended our way to a plain building, where we were quietly ushered upstairs into a clean room of the utmost simplicity. Silently the waiter presented us with a wet, hot towel for our faces; it was most refreshing and relieved us of some of the dust we had accumulated.

A plate of peanuts then appeared on the scene, and tea with leaves floating about in it and a lid on each cup. To us it was truly the cup that cheers. We had been told that in Nanking a million cups of tea are sipped every day, many of these in the innumerable teahouses where guests may linger as long as they wish, and we thought that if each cup brought as much satisfaction as the ones we had enjoyed, the city must be a veritable seat of contentment.

After a while we were summoned to our Chinese meal. It goes without saying that we had left the menu to Mr. Wei. He had fulfilled his office admirably: we had rice, vegetables, fish soup and a dish called *tevo,* which seems to be a special delicacy. As far as I could make out, it was made from soya beans. This was our first experience with chopsticks! Suffice it to say that we managed well enough not to leave the table hungry.

Thoroughly refreshed, we resumed our trip. A walk through one of the parks, from which we admired Nanking Lake just outside the city walls, was followed by a drive through the city. We were amazed at the fine modern buildings: Central, Nanking and Ginling universities, colleges of political and military sciences, a school for the blind and dumb, civic centers and a large public library. The new municipal hospital was enormous and had the latest equipment.

In connection with the health program, there were scattered over the city and its suburbs a number of health stations. At these stations free medical attention is offered to the general public. A nominal fee of ten coppers is charged at the time of registration, and five coppers for each subsequent visit, but there is no charge for medical advice or for medicines given. In cases of expensive injections, those who can pay are required to do so, but for the poor they are free. For maternity cases special facilities exist. Among the hospitals, there is one for isolation cases and another for opium smokers. We also saw the plans of a proposed Catholic hospital.

The government had issued definite laws regulating the qualifications of western-trained doctors, though there were as yet no restrictions or qualifications demanded of men who practice Chinese medicine. This latter problem has yet to be solved by drawing up regulations which are to govern the examination and issuance of permits to Chinese practitioners.

We inquired into the two main public problems of every community—the water supply and the sewage disposal. A project to give the city an adequate water supply was started in 1929, and since then more than 1,300,000 miles of piping had been laid and many water stations established. This had already cost $4,000,000 and was still far from adequate. A plan to provide the city with a satisfactory sewage system was submitted in 1932. It required $9,000,000 and had to be delayed for financial reasons. And of course, there is still lighting, construction of roads, regulation of traffic, provision of public parks and bath houses and abattoirs—to mention only the major problems that arise in the modernizing of an oriental city. The aggregate municipal taxes for 1935 in Nanking were approximately somewhat over $2,000,000; that same year in Washington they

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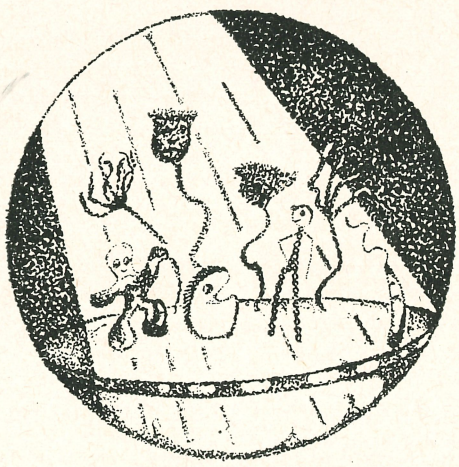
A Plea For Bugs

By

LEONIE TUMMERS, S.C.M.M., M.D.

There was a time when our microscopic "bugs" lived in comparative peace. Man did not know about their existence and was blissfully ignorant of their destructive role in disease. They began to attract attention when Leeuwenhoek (1632-1723), a Dutch dry-goods storekeeper who cut lenses in his spare time, began to turn these lenses upon every sort of object a lively imagination could suggest. Grains of sand, the leg of a fly, the sting of a bee, drops of stagnant water, scum of teeth—everything fell under the scope of his crude lenses.

And what a wonder world was disclosed to his marveling eye! He wrote: "I saw with wonder that my material contained very tiny animals which moved about in the most amusing fashion. The largest of these . . . moving through the water or saliva as a fish of prey darts through the sea." Leeuwenhoek saw and described bacteria, and this ended their peaceful existence.



. . . this ended their peaceful existence!

Hundreds of years of keen observation under improved technique had to pass, however, before the role of these bacteria in human relations was clear. Most fantastic hypotheses were advanced to explain disease. Fracastori, an Italian physician, was the first to suggest, in 1564, a "contagium vivum," an agent which carries disease. This conception was closely akin to our idea of germs. He noticed infectiousness of disease by direct and indirect contact and through air, and formulated his theory of living germs whose seeds, passing from one infected animal to another, can cause illness. It was a piece of marvelous speculation, based on close observation, but unsupported by physical proof. His "contagium vivum" carried on its destructive work until scientists like Pasteur and Lister slowly but surely disclosed the importance of bacteria in relation to man. We now know that these infinitesimal creatures, when permitted to get a foothold in the human body, can play havoc with health and not rarely with life.

When hearing of the large epidemics of cholera, typhoid fever, dysentery and other infectious diseases caused by Leeuwenhoek's "little animals," of the toll of human life that these infinitesimal creatures yearly demand, we naturally stress the importance of bacteria in relation to disease. Why do epidemics abound in tropical countries? Not only because of lack of hygiene among the natives, but also because climatic conditions are favorable for the growth and multiplication of disease-producing bacteria. The sun kills many a germ, but the warmth and moisture of shady spots provide wonderful soil for bacteria to grow and multiply. In civilized countries, science has been able to attack the various germs. Deaths of diphtheria, typhoid fever and infectious diseases in general are decreasing year by year. Everyone is familiar with the tremendous fight against the tubercle bacillus in order to conquer tuberculosis.

Observing these activities of medical and related sciences, we are likely to overestimate the danger of this microscopic world. I remember distinctly the awe of many onlookers when, at a mission exhibition, we displayed the bacillus of leprosy, fixed, stained and safely placed under a coverglass. Many persons would look through the microscope only upon our assurance that "the bug was dead—as dead as a doornail!"

As a matter of fact, the number of dangerous "bugs" is really very small in comparison with the innocuous, useful and even absolutely necessary bacteria. Believe it or not, we cannot exist without bacteria! Men and animals depend for their sustenance on green plants, since they cannot live on earth and water alone. Bacteria can, and while eking out their existence on this unpalatable diet, they convert the simple elements into foodstuffs which plants can use. If we root up plants which are known to the farmer to enrich the soil, such as lupines, peas and beans, we can find on their roots small blobs which contain millions of these "nitrogen-fixing bacteria," as they are known.

Again, the excreta of animals would be useless if a whole army of bacteria were not ready to break them down to simple compounds which serve again as food for the plants. In this way bacteria form the connecting link between ani-

mal and plant life, and it can be seen that if they would forsake their work, all life, of necessity, would cease! It is true that man attempts to imitate the action of some of these bacteria, but he can do so only in extensive (and expensive) factories, with machinery that requires terrific amounts of electric power. The little "bug" performs his beneficial action, unobserved and free of charge, within the space of 0.7 millimicron (one micron is equal to 1/1000 millimeter)!

Corruption and decay of organic matter are initiated and completed largely by microscopic organisms. They are the housecleaners of the

They are the housecleaners of the earth . . .

earth—and very efficient ones at that! Just stop to think of the tons of leaves and animal and vegetable debris which are converted into good food for crops year after year by the united activities of innumerable micro-organisms. Man also makes use of these destructive tendencies in sewage disposal, a very important item in the preservation of good hygienic conditions among the populace. The bacteria are permitted to act on the sludge, transforming it into simple compounds and elements. The gas that is liberated by their activities may be used for running of the plant; in one sewage disposal plant in this country the bacteria are able to produce a million cubic feet of combustible gas a day!

The preservation of the winter supply of cattle fodder is another field of "bug" activity. The food is preserved in large vats or silos, where fermentation processes prevent the growth of the putrefactive bacteria. This fermentation is carried on by a special species of micro-organisms.

Not only, so to say, do the germs make possible our very existence; they even go so far as to provide us with pleasure. How many of us realize, as we are enjoying our comfortable fireside heat, that we owe it at least partially to these invisible hard workers. Yet interrupted decay of organic matter is responsible for coal and peat formation. Wine and other alcoholic beverages which can be so beneficial are the result of fermentation. And the "bugs" can also claim distinction as the "smokers' friends," because the different strains of bacteria used in curing tobacco leaves affect the aroma of the tobacco and provide in part the various brands of cigars and cigarettes.

Lovers of sauerkraut and pickles are indebted for such palatable delicacies to minute organisms which made the souring possible. Other pantry activities of the "bugs" consist in the preparation of the coffee and cocoa beans, which are freed from extraneous matter—"cleaned up"—by the aid of fermentation.

These omnipresent and omni-active helpers can likewise enter into baby feeding. In some disorders, sour milk is much more easily tolerated than whole milk; it is bacteria which take it upon themselves to produce sour milk. According to Metchnikoff, some groups of people in southern Europe owe their well-known longevity to the fact that they consume large quantities of fermented milk.

Lately it has been discovered that an invisible substance is lending a hand to man in the fight against disease. Not much is known about this agent; some think it is an enzyme, others think of it as a living organism which eludes all means of detection except by its destructive effect on bacteria. It cannot be seen—not even by the most powerful lenses—nor heard nor tasted. It passes the finest filters used to segregate other bacteria; yet its presence is certain because it destroys pure cultures of bacteria. Therefore it has been termed "bacteriophage"—that which eats bacteria. A bacteriophage that is specific for cholera has been recovered from wells infected by the cholera bacillus. Research is in progress to determine whether these phages can be made useful in the battle against the large epidemics, which now rage in certain parts of the world.

After reviewing some of the necessary, useful and benevolent works performed by our "bugs" so silently, so invisibly, so diligently and so efficiently, day in and day out, year in and year out, it does seem that, to use the words of a recent writer on the subject, these friends have been at times indeed "unduly maligned."

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"The Kingdom of Shoe"

By

SISTER M. LAETITIA, S.C.M.M., R.N.

From the plains of Hungary the train wound its way through the beautiful wooded hills and mountains of Czechoslovakia. This little country, which is about the size of the state of Illinois, is made up of Slovaks, Moravians, Germans and Ruthenes in addition to the ten million Czechs. Its long, proud heritage dates back so far that its origin has almost been lost in the mists of antiquity.

Czechoslovakia has had one great drawback to its peace and security: it is situated in a strategic location and easy—far too easy—of access on all sides. Its fertile farmlands, its fine forests and its rich mines have been so much a temptation to other countries that they have proved a menace to its own safety. Down through the ages the Czechs have fought long and bloody wars with their age-old foes, the Turks, on the one side, and with the Germans

. . . suffering from the sight of so many barefoot angels . . .

on the other. Finally, about the time the Pilgrims were setting sail for America, they lost their freedom and did not regain it again until after the World War. Yet in spite of their lost liberty, they never relinquished their ideals nor became embittered. Their country has made great progress from 1918 until the present dark clouds began to gather.

Shoes Celestial

When Czechoslovakia is mentioned, people everywhere (except perhaps in the United States) immediately think of shoes, for "Bata Shoes" are to be found on every continent and in every country. It was about thirty-five years ago that Thomas Bata left his little factory in Zlin and, with several of his workmen, came to the United States. All obtained jobs in a shoe factory in Lynn, Mass., where they industriously plied their trade until one fine day they packed up their trunks and returned to Zlin, their heads full of American ways of making and selling shoes. They at once put all their new ideas into effect in the little factory which thrived under the new regime. More and more factories were opened, until there are now more than sixty thousand Bata employes busy in different countries. Not only shoes were included in the scheme, but good movies for ten cents, a great hotel where the best room is eighty cents, and last of all, cheap airplanes. Bata's idea was small profit but a great output, a goal which he admirably achieved.

One day Thomas went to India, and at the sight of so many barefoot people he exclaimed, "Just think of all the shoes that they could be wearing out!" So he started a great campaign to induce the Indians to wear his footgear, and soon a semi-native shoe appeared on the market for less than a rupee.

Thomas Bata is now in the land where shoes are no longer necessary, yet one can imagine him suffering from the sight of the many barefoot angels and suggesting that he be permitted to design a "semi-angelic" shoe for them!

More American Than the Americans!

His brother is now literally "wearing his shoes," and in his new building the office of J. A. Bata is built into a huge elevator, so that when he wants to hold a conference with any of his employes, he has only to press the button and down goes the office to the required floor, while he continues his work without loss of time!

". . . they lived happily ever afterwards"

Long ago, so legend tells us, Krokus, the first Prince of Bohemia, lay dying, and as he had no son, he called his people to him and told them to choose one of his daughters to succeed him. They chose the youngest, Libusa, and all went well until one day she was asked to settle a dispute between two nobles. Upon her decision, one of the disputants insulted her, and so she assembled her subjects and told them she would no longer reign, that they must elect a man to rule them. The people refused to allow her to abdicate, but insisted she should marry a man whom they would proclaim king.

"Go!" cried Libusa. "You will find a man making a *prah* (doorway). There you will build

a city called *Praha* (Prague). Nearby you will see a man plowing with a yoke of spotted oxen. His name is Premysl. Follow him."

Her subjects obeyed her command and brought Premysl to her—and "they lived happily ever afterwards." Thus began a long line of Bohemian kings and princes, and a city which was to be known as "hundred-spired, golden Prague."

Golden Prague

Prague, the capital of Czechoslovakia, is an old, old city built on seven hills. Its medieval towers still exist side by side with modern buildings. In the newer section the wide streets are paved chiefly with wooden blocks, and some of the broad sidewalks are inlaid with black and white mosaics. In this section electric streetcars seem quite in keeping, but when they invade the quaint little alleys of Old Town, they are wholly incongruous.

On the hill of Hradcany stands the castle of Praha, the home of Bohemian sovereigns for centuries. Here "good King Wenceslaus" lived more than a thousand years ago. Hradcany has figured in all the tragic, troublous history of Bohemia, for many of the scenes of great historic events were laid there. Nearby is a 700-year-old inn, to which the "not-so-good" Wenceslaus IV was accustomed to come and sip mead, and listen to the gossip of the day. One can almost see him wrapped in a long, black cloak, crown on head (!), lantern in hand, strolling through the woods of Hradcany to the little old inn!

. . . strolling through the woods of Hradcany . . .

Old Town

In Old Town Square stands the ancient "Church of Our Lady of the Fence," so called on account of the stockade which surrounded an earlier structure. In the Town Hall tower is a marvelous clock, built before America was discovered and still ticking away minutes and years. It tells the time, the phases of the moon and the seasons. On the hour a cock crows, windows open and Christ and the twelve Apostles glide slowly by, while below the dial several figures begin to move: Vanity peers into a mirror; Avarice clutches his moneybags tighter; and Death, hour-glass in hand, tolls the passing of another hour.

From Czech farm lad to Chicago mayor

Leaving the city, one is struck once more by the splendid scenery, the clean little whitewashed cottages with their tidy farmyards, the men and women—many of them in their native costume—working in the fields, driving oxen with horns as long as some of those in India, while around them were the pigs with their curly, wooly coats, and the omnipresent geese.

Not far from Prague is Kladna, the little town where Anton J. Cermak was born. He later became mayor of Chicago, and in 1933 he was struck down by a bullet aimed at President Roosevelt. His dying words to the President were: "I'm glad it was me instead of you!"

Steel Helmets

Passing into Germany, the scenery continued beautiful, yet distinctly different. Little waterfalls ran down hills which were surmounted by grim, old castles; patches of grand forests appeared here and there; and wide, swiftly-flowing rivers cut through well-cultivated fields. Everywhere there were signs of intense industry and activity; nothing seemed to go to waste.

At last the train reached Berlin, where steel-helmeted soldiers and policemen seemed to be everywhere. With scarcely any knowledge of German, and having no idea which streetcar went to the address I was clutching in my hand, I walked up to one of the steel helmets to seek directions. He immediately raised his arm and gave a salute: "Heil, Hitler!" For the moment I was not sure what the answer should be. Finally, a "good morning"—although it was late afternoon—was the best I could manage on such short notice. As this was not getting us anywhere, I turned my attention to a civilian and was soon seated on a streetcar going, I hoped, in the right direction.

No Barking Allowed!

The "Unter den Linden" is the heart of

Berlin. It was once kept especially for the Kaiser's daily promenade—no motor vehicles were allowed, no noise of any kind. Even a dog might not bark there after dusk. Smoking, too, was forbidden. Today it is the "Fifth Avenue" of Berlin. Big houses and stores line the esplanade, buses rush up and down, and columns of soldiers, all wearing steel helmets and all looking very young and boyish, have taken the place of the Kaiser.

The Reichstag was an impressive edifice in spite of the fact that it had been partly burned by a communist in 1932. Quite a crowd of German people were visiting this famous building, and we all went around together. When it was discovered that my knowledge of German was limited to ten words, the whole group turned its attention to the task of making the points of interest intelligible to me. They were more or less successful, and we spent a very pleasant hour in this historical German Parliament.

A Shooting Match

At Oberhausen, Sister Stephanie's brothers and cousins were to meet me at the station. My entrance was sudden. The trains stop only a few minutes at the smaller towns, and there are never any porters in sight. Moreover, one is never sure whether or not one has actually reached one's destination. However, we suddenly discovered each other and immediately suitcases began to shoot out via the window. From the door I was handing out a little basket when the handle broke and things scattered in all directions. At that moment the train began to move—with me still in it—so to add to the general atmosphere, I shot out, too!

"Pigs is Pigs!"

During my brief stop-over, I was taken on a hospital sight-seeing expedition. The institutions that I saw were very fine; the hydrotherapy departments were more than up to par. I never saw so many kinds of baths in all my life—Roman, Irish and electrical, with sprays of all sizes, water of all temperatures, hot air, etc.

We also visited the training school which Sister Stephanie attended. It is a fine hospital. There is one amazing thing: all these institutions seemed to keep pigs right near or even in the hospital—little pigs, medium-sized pigs and big pigs, all so clean that there was no odor at all. At one hospital we came in after "pig bedtime," but as a great, great concession, the keeper of the "Schweine" switched on the lights and allowed us in to see them! It was the funniest thing to see some of them wake up, stretch and immediately begin to eat, while others were more concerned in arousing their brethren. They would poke and push and grunt away in an effort—that was sometimes all in vain—to awaken them from their slumbers.

A Picture-book Country

All too soon I was saying goodbye to the Rhineland and was en route to Aachen (Aix-la-Chappelle), the Belgian frontier. The train seemed to be carrying us through, not a country, but a series of pictures. It was like passing with Alice through the squares of Looking-Glass Land. Here was a little church with all the people wending their way to Mass; here a trim little cottage springing up in the middle of flowers and vegetables; here a quiet pastoral scene with sheep grazing peacefully in the shadow of a lazily turning windmill—and no setting was complete without several fat cows and one or two well-fed horses.

Poor little war-ridden Belgium! Never since the days of Caesar has it had one complete century of peace, yet in spite of all the blood that has been shed on its soil, it is one of the few happy, thriving countries of present-day Europe. Its dense population is distributed in flourishing cities and in many hundreds of little villages which dot the landscape.

Walloons

The people in the southeast of Belgium are very different from those of the north. They are known as *Walloons,* and they speak a dialect of French; those about Antwerp and Brussels and in the north speak Flemish, a language very similar to Dutch.

Brussels, like so many of the European cities, is a quaint combination of the old and the new. It is chiefly noted for its lace and carpets.

The White Cliffs of Dover

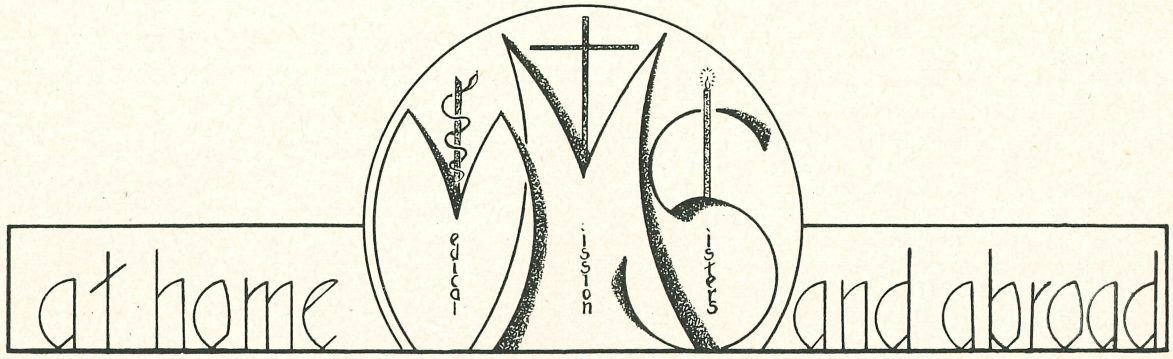
Ostend is the great seaside resort—it is one of the few places in Belgium where people seem to have time to play, in spite of the fact that it is the second largest port in the kingdom. It was from this old town that I set sail for England, and a few hours later, when the white cliffs of Dover appeared on the horizon, they seemed to say, "The journey is over—for the time being!"

Tribute

In November news was cabled from India of the death of Brother John Heim, C.S.C., in Shillong, Assam. Mail, of course, travels slowly, and only recently we received the following note from Sister M. Helen, S.C.M.M., Dacca, Bengal, India:

"We have just heard of the death of Brother John, C.S.C., in a hospital in Shillong, where he was taken ill while on vacation. I remember so well when he was a patient in our European ward several years ago. He was always so cheerful and so good—all the doctors and nurses who came in contact with him held him in high esteem."

May he rest in peace.



Happy New Year!

January 1 and the beginning of the last part of the glorious Christmas cycle! Festive seasons such as these bring us special joy, for they give us an opportunity to express to our many friends the wishes for their happiness which we have at all times. Ordinarily we must take it for granted that they understand this; were we suddenly to state such sentiments in the middle of May, or on the first of September, we might seem to be a bit eccentric at best. But now good cheer and well-wishing are the order of the day! Gladly we join the happy chorus: May your New Year be filled with God's choicest blessings.

Christmas at the Motherhouse

Our last Christmas all together at the Motherhouse!—for by next December, God willing, some of our sisters will be staidly settled in our new home in Philadelphia! Perhaps it was the spirit of the season, perhaps it was this assurance of "spreading space" to come—whatever it may have been, this we know: forty-three sisters and the Crib with the Babe of Bethlehem squeezed into our narrow quarters for Christmas Eve, and did not even feel the crush!

Drs. Eleanor Lippits and Leonie Tummers, together with Sister M. Rose, arrived from Baltimore; Doctor Elise Wijnen and Sister M. Isabel came home from Philadelphia; Sisters M. Theophane and M. Michael were free for two days from Providence Hospital here in the city, and five postulants arrived from our Medical Mission House in Osterley, England, to make the grand total.

The Rev. Francis McBride, C.S.C., offered the High Mass at Midnight, followed by two low Masses. This year we had once more set up our Christmas Crib, with its exquisitely carved little figures from the Austrian Tyrol, although our parlor would accommodate only the cave and the shepherds with their flocks; the Wise Men will have to wait until we move to larger quarters. As a grand finale to this glorious night, we gathered around to sing our joy to the Babe Who had been born in a manger. It is well that prayers and wishes take no room, for crowded as we were, we found ample space to include all our friends in that jubilant circle around the Christ-Child's Crib.

"Ambitional" Fluctuation!

December brought Sisters M. Laetitia and M. Barbara back to the Motherhouse once more. They had been gone since the opening of the National Eucharistic Congress at New Orleans in October, where they represented our Society in the Mission Pavilion. Their long and winding trail home took them to hospitals, schools and colleges in many of the cities between Washington and the Mississippi, where they did their best to arouse interest in the Medical Mission Apostolate.

The children seemed especially impressed by the possibility of combining a "sister" and a "doctor" all in one person. Sister Barbara related that one little colored lad, about ten years old, approached her after lengthy consideration.

"What grade do yo' all have to be in, Sistah, to be a doctah?"

Sister hesitated; she did not wish to quench youthful hopes. "Well," she replied, "it goes farther even than grades count. It's a different sort of grades, you see."

The boy was duly impressed. "Say, that *must* take 'nawful long time." He paused, then confided, "Yo' know, Sistah, Ah had ambitions to be a doctah."

"You did?" Sister was encouraging. "But what happened to them?"

"Nothin', Sistah," said he, squaring up stoutly. "Ah has 'em still."

"Encyclopedia Infanta"

After a lecture to the older students in one of the schools, our travelers were invited to visit the primary grades. Of course the kindergarten was the nicest and merited the longest stay. Sister Laetitia looked over the rows of little tots gazing up at her with a certain curiosity.

"Does anyone here know what a missionary is?" she asked by way of introduction. There was a deep silence. Finally one little lad put up his hand.

"Please, Sister," he said with conviction, "it's a lady that goes around collecting!"

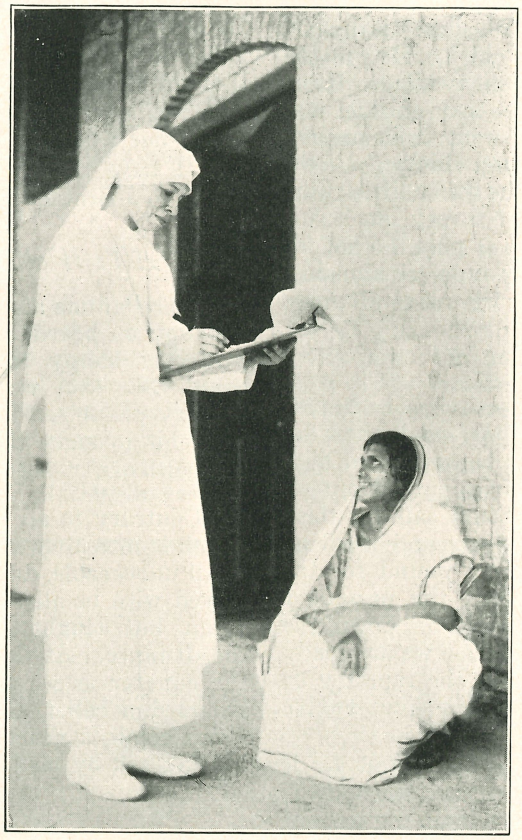
Pindi Symposium

Perhaps the climax of the month, excepting Christmas, of course, came with the arrival of mail from our new missionaries in Pindi. Their airmail "document of safe arrival" was here almost a week before the final instalment of the account of their travels, sent via boat from Bombay, and we relay their messages accordingly.

Sister M. Pauline sounds very much at home: "Our Holy Family Hospital is a real little 'Nazareth,' and we are all so happy. Of course, everything is strange, but oh, so very interesting. The reality is absolutely different from anything one could picture, and I know I shall love it more and more."

"Your wandering missionaries received a royal welcome on their arrival last Wednesday afternoon," writes Sister Ignatius Marie. "The train trip was very pleasant, and most of the people who shared our compartment were fellow passengers from the *Strathaird*. The natives who did join us were both clean and quiet.

"Upon our arrival we immediately put on white habits which the Sisters hunted up for us, but I assure you that the 'borrowed finery' gave quite the proverbial effect. However, the dhursi got to work at once, and now we look—and feel—ready for work. We have spent most of our free time inspecting the hospital, and tomorrow I begin in the dispensary under Sister Ann."



Sister M. Thomas takes a history

Sister M. Alma Julia had already paid a visit to St. Francis Dispensary when she wrote, and had gathered enough "first impressions" for a whole article! She promises: "When I can speak to those around me and understand what they say to me, so I can be sure of not giving wrong impressions, I shall write you some descriptions of Indian life:" (Editor's note: That *is* welcome news!)

Sister M. Jude finds it hard to realize "that I am calmly sitting here in *Indian* sunshine. America does not seem so very far away, after all, and everything here is very nice. We have had a few days' leisure, but tomorrow we shall begin work in earnest!"

"It seems more appropriate to be wishing you a 'Happy Thanksgiving' at this date," Sister M. Virginia declares on November 13, "but distance plays strange tricks with 'appropriateness,' and since I now *realize* how long it takes to get from there to here and from here to there, I shall send all of you my wishes for a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. . . . Everybody here seems to find plenty to do, so I don't doubt but what we shall be kept busy. One thing I know: the people will simply have to talk more slowly if they ever hope to have me understand them! However, it is encouraging to be able to catch even a word here and there!"

Back to the Bounding Main

And now that we have satisfied our questions as to the travelers' safe arrival, we can go back to those earlier letters—which arrived later—and tie up the threads of their long journey. Sister M. Alma Julia takes up the narrative with the arrival at Port Said:

"As it was almost 6 o'clock when we got into port and already dark, we did not go ashore. Most of the people did disembark for the two or three hours we were to stay, however, and so we had the dining room almost to ourselves.

Introducing "Gili-Gili"

"But if the mountain won't come to Mohammed. . . . For the entertainment of the stay-at-homes some magicians came on board—the same ones that come every trip, they say. There was one who was really clever. He kept saying, 'Gili-gili,' all the time he was doing his tricks, and was promptly christened accordingly.

"First of all he put some little metal cups without handles upside down on the deck, with one cork under the first, two under the second and none under the third.

" 'Now,' said he, guilelessly, 'how many corks under the first?'

" 'One!' shouted a keen little lad who had

been watching him closely. Gili lifted up the cup—and lo and behold! there was nothing there!

"'How many under the second?' Gili persisted.

"'Two,' said the boy, undaunted by his failure. Gili lifted it up and there were three.

"'And now,' said he, 'how many under the third?'

"The boy had something of the soldier in him, and he stuck to his guns. 'None,' he declared.

"Gili lifted up the cup, and a baby chick ran out from under it, chipping at the top of its little lungs and scooting all over the deck until someone caught it and handed it back to Gili. The latter then proceeded to do some disappearing tricks with coins and the chick. He put the chick under one of the cups, then called: 'Here, chickie,' lifted up the cup—and chickie was gone! In great distress Gili went from passenger to passenger, calling, 'Here, chickie,' all the time, until finally he pulled the fluffy little thing from the inside coat pocket of a very much surprised man. The final act was to pass the hat for donations! It was a good show and very amusing, especially for the youngsters, who were all agog.

A Point of Ethics!

"In the meantime, boats bearing merchandise had gathered around our railing: small ones, flat ones, all kinds and sizes, with baskets piled high and leather goods and tapestries spread out on all sides. The men in the boats call up their wares to the passengers on deck, and the bargaining begins. They ask for a pound for the piece the passenger points out; the passenger offers five shillings. The trader comes down, the purchaser goes up, and by the time we are ready to pull out, the passenger buys the tapestry or whatever he may have chosen for twelve shillings.

"They both seem satisfied enough, and yet it bothers me. I have a feeling that somebody is being cheated, but I simply cannot figure out whether it is the merchant or the passenger!

Tableau

"We passed through most of the Suez Canal at night, but I rose before dawn and saw the sunrise on the desert. It was exquisite and quite worth the early rising. All along the way we passed little stations — beautiful oases in the desert—and it was at one of these that we saw our first camels, a whole herd of them.

"We did not stop at Suez but only passed by the port. It was like a picture out of a book: at one point we could make out a church—it looked like a toy building—and under a tree at one corner was a Franciscan Father chatting with a passerby and watching our boat.

In Which a Mystery is Explained

"Although we have had no priest on board, we have found among our fellow passengers a Brother Mulvihill, of the Society of St. Patrick, founded in 1807. Its members are all teaching brothers. Brother Mulvihill is from County Kerry and is returning from a seven months' vacation after ten years in the Madras mission.

"'What do you teach, Brother?' Sister Jude asked him.

"'Oh, a bit of English and a bit of arithmetic,' said Brother, in his Irish way.

"At that moment a great mystery was cleared up in my mind. One morning I had heard an Indian talking to some other Indians, and if I had not seen his lips moving, I would have thought it was a native of County Kerry itself who was speaking. Try as I would, I couldn't figure out where he had gotten his brogue, but now I have the answer: He probably went to school to a Brother of St. Patrick!"

"All's Well That Ends Well!"

Sister Pauline adds a note at this point: "Our last day on board, and three of us at least are perfectly happy to have our seafaring days over. Not that we have not had as lovely a trip as possible. The elements have all done their bit to make the days pleasant ones. But the truth of the matter is—I'll whisper it to you: **We're no sailors!**

"Contrary to all expectations, the Red Sea—which is in reality a beautiful blue sea—was not at all unbearable, due to a cool head breeze which stayed with us all the time. We did not stop at Aden, but caught a glimpse of its outlines in the distance. At that point we were as near to the equator as we shall be. According to Mohammedan belief, Cain is buried in Aden, and Eve's tomb is near the town of Jeddah, where it is visited by many pilgrims.

The Nose Knows!

"When I asked an officer on our ship what time we would arrive in Bombay," Sister Alma Julia continues, "he said: 'Tomorrow morning at 5 a. m., but you will begin to smell it about midnight!'

"I do think he exaggerated a bit—or perhaps the wind was blowing the other way. Of course, there were 'smells,' but they were all quite endurable. Perhaps it is from this state of affairs that the custom arose of greeting visitors with garlands of fragrant flowers! It was one of my first surprises to see Indians coming on board with garlands of marigolds intertwined with white flowers which looked and smelled somewhat like gardenias; they also carried bouquets of the same flowers.

Grin and Bear It!

"Not many of the passengers received flowers—most of those who got them were returned officers, English families or natives who received them from their relatives and friends. The first such ceremony that I witnessed occurred at breakfast. One of the Indian passengers whom I had noticed before appeared for his meal, and immediately several natives came in, salaamed, gravely arranged a garland around his neck, presented him with a bouquet and then salaamed themselves out of the room. The man took it as a matter of course, and I noticed he still held the bouquet as he left the boat.

"The Englishmen seemed to find it a bit embarrassing, however. One native in particular spent a long time in arranging the garland around an officer's neck, stepping back to survey his work and readjusting it several times before finally putting the accessory bouquet into the man's hand. The latter took it like a good soldier, however, and went bravely down the gangplank like a hero going to battle.

Hospitality

"We docked at 6 a. m., but there was such a crowd aboard the *Strathaird* that it was 11 o'clock before we got through customs. Two of the Franciscan Missionaries of Mary met us on the dock. They had left their convent right after Holy Communion in the morning so as not to miss us, and were beginning to think we had met with a mishap. Reverend Mother had everything beautifully arranged, and we even had time for a short rest.

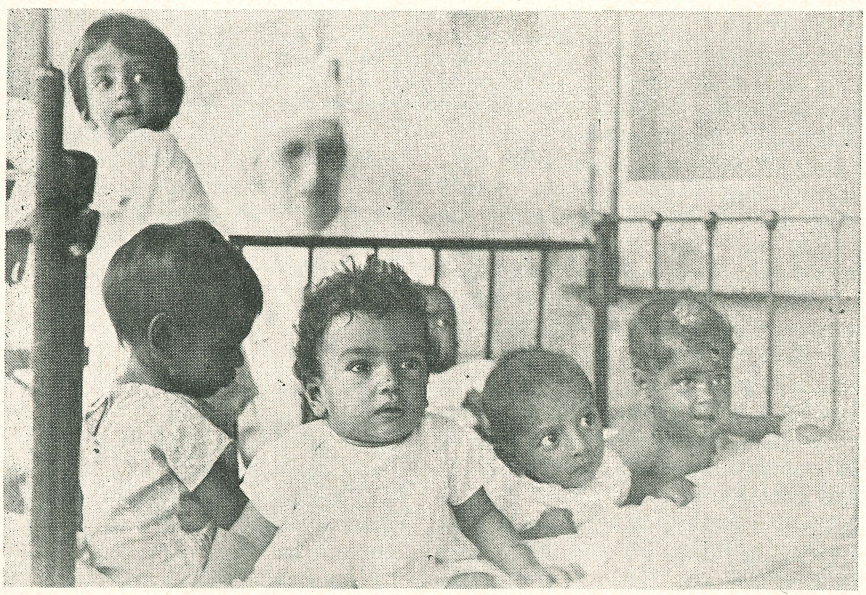
"There was a gorgeous estate across the street which had sentinels at the gates and a sign that said, 'Maharaja Something-or-other.' The air was heavy with perfumes from the gardens and the odor of incense. Bombay is like a checkerboard of contrasts; one jumps from beautiful boulevards lined with magnificent homes, to squalid alleys and then back again.

"At 9.15 we took the train—the 'Frontier Mail,' it is called, and most appropriately so—and here we are on the last lap of our journey, racing toward Pindi."

Finis

Sister Pauline brings the travalogue to a close: "It is just 12 o'clock noon, and at 17 minutes past 3 we shall be in Rawalpindi. You can imagine our expectation! As a practice of accommodation, we have been trying a new diet—cinders! For the last 20 hours we have had them everywhere—in our eyes, up our noses, down our throats; we are really beginning to find them quite tasty! Every little while Sister Alma Julia gets up and dusts off everyone and everything in sight. It is truly work for a saint, for in just exactly two minutes everyone and everything are once more enveloped in their little cinder blankets.

At present we have the compartment to ourselves, and are whiling away the time (which, of course, is passing *very* slowly now) by guessing who will be at the station to meet us."



Nursery Recruits

Medical Mission Notes

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A Letter From China

"Since the Holy Father has entrusted to me the Vicarate of Siwantse, there is one problem which continually occupies my heart and mind. It is true that the first duty of the Vicar Apostolic is to convert the pagans and to foster Christian living among those already converted; but it is his second duty, insofar as lies within his power, to combat the public plagues which sow misery and death among his children and thus form a considerable obstacle for the possible extension of the Church. So it is that I speak of the problem: health in the Apostolic Vicarate of Siwantse, the cradle of the missions of Scheut in China.

"Among the cities of the world Bombay has held the sad record of the highest infant mortality; 23 per cent of her children die before they reach the age of two. But in our Vicarate, I regret to say, the record is broken; here the infant mortality is 45 per cent, which means that almost one-half of the children die before they reach their second year! Not only does the Church lose a great number of her children, but the race is robbed of the reenforcements which these infants would have provided had they grown to maturity.

Courtesy The Narcotic Review.

A three-year-old Indian child which has had opium, and one of the same age that had none. The smaller child could not walk or talk and could scarcely see.

"The number of women who die during labor or as a consequence of it is so large, the means of aiding them so primitive, and the absence of every hygienic and antiseptic measure so absolute, that I know every Western doctor would cry out indignantly: 'Such a thing should not be possible!' Let me cite but one example: Here in Siwantse, four women died in one week during labor. The midwife apparently never thought of washing her hands, which were infected after the first case.

"Blindness is one of the greatest plagues of China. Even children in the orphanages, entrusted to us by the pagans to be educated, do not escape this terrible scourge. Not less than 41 per cent are completely blind.

"And what shall we say about the epidemics, the fatal and crippling illnesses and injuries in a land like this, where poverty and filth reign supreme, and where the only available bandages are dirty rags? Here it is impossible for nature to help itself, because man himself prevents it. The missionaries run the same risks as the Chinese. And in our Vicarate, which is the size of the Netherlands and Belgium together, there is not a single means of defense to combat all this misery, because we do not possess *one* hospital or *one* doctor!

"This must be changed. It is our wish to appoint two capable physicians who, besides their daily practice and care of the dispensary and clinics, could erect dispensaries elsewhere, train midwives and nurses, and spread simple principles of hygiene among the population. Another point of no small importance is the fact that such physicians could often save the lives of the missionaries, or at least make unnecessary the difficult and tedious journeys to medical centers in time of illness. A hospital should be established in one of the most important cities. This would result not only in great physical benefits but also, as has been practically demonstrated in other parts of China, in the establishment of a closer contact with the Chinese authorities and population."—Msgr. Leo de Smedt, Vicar Apostolic of Siwantse. — MEDISCH MISSIE MAANDBLAD, September, 1938.

* * *

Of the 112 missionaries who died during the last two decades in Northern China, 84 were victims of the fearful ravages of spotted typhus. A vaccine produced in the Microbiological Laboratory of the Catholic University of Peking counteracts and reduces the horror wrought by typhus, but the process of producing this life-saving vaccine is costly, complicated, tedious. The priest-scientists at the Catholic University are devoting their lives and talents to this work.—FU JEN, December, 1938.

* * *

Africa

Triplets! Yes—and welcomed, too, by their African parents! What is so strange about this, you may ask. Well, it is strange. For in many parts of Africa a hideous custom exists among the pagan tribes. When twins are born—to say nothing of triplets—their parents throw them into the "bush" to perish miserably. The mother becomes an outcast and is not allowed to live in the village any more, or even enter the public market place to buy anything. Henceforth she is—appalling thought to Catholics—a wandering mother!—CATHOLIC MISSIONS, December, 1938. * * *

In Our Library

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THE YORUBA HUSBAND-WIFE CODE, *by Edward Ward, M.A. The Catholic University of America Anthropological Series, No. 6. Washington, D. C.,* 1938. 175 *pp.* $1.75.

After spending four years with the Yoruba in the southwest of Nigeria, Edward Ward, M.A., has given us a very interesting and detailed account of the relations between the native husband and father and his family. But more especially has he drawn a picture of the Yoruba woman. He has made her live on every printed page: we see her as a young girl being taught how to work in the mud-walled little hut with its palm-leaf roof; out in the fields planting the crops and harvesting the vegetables, carrying them home on her head. At an early age she is given in marriage, not always to the bridegroom of her choice, but to the one who is able to pay the purchase price to her parents. She may then become the only and well-beloved wife of her husband, in which case she will have to work hard, cooking, cleaning, washing, marketing, and laboring on the farm; or, if she is one of many wives of the harem, her duties will be lighter, for they will be shared with the other women. However, she will not be so happy unless she is the first or head wife.

> "The secret of will power is to have a definite aim, like the motive of pleasing God. Character is built by our hidden, daily decisions, by continued effort to sharpen the vision of our goal."—RUSSELL, *Christ, the Leader.*

Later we see her with her children gathered around her and her happiness complete. Both husband and wife desire a large family, and a woman who has no children is the most despised in all the land. When such a one dies, she is given no burial, but is thrown into the bush with suicides, murderers, and the mentally afflicted, to become the food of wild animals. But the mother of children we see happy in her old age, protected and honored. When she dies, particularly if from old age, her husband really rejoices, for thus she is the favored of the gods. A good funeral is given her, that her spirit may not linger around, and as a send-off to the world of ghosts. The more elaborate the funeral, the greater will be her place among her ancestors and the more indebted she will be to her people.

This dissertation is scholarly and highly specific in the treatment of its subject. It should appeal to students and research workers in the field of anthropology.

WHY THE CROSS? *by Edward Leen, C.S.Sp. Sheed and Ward. New York,* 1938. 366 *pp.* $2.50.

Another of Father Leen's works, in which he portrays the role of suffering in the philosophy of life. The first part of the book is taken up with the natural desire for happiness and the fact that real happiness can be attained only by following the philosophy of life that was taught us by Christ Himself. In the second part, "The Tree of Life," the author traces the means which Christ furnished us during His mortal life in order to attain to eternal happiness by leading here below the life that will bring us to it.

Why the Cross? is a profound study of life and its purpose.

SCIENCE AND THE HOLY SHROUD, *by R. W. Hynek, M.D.; translated from the Czech by Dom Augustine Studeny, O.S.B. The Benedictine Press. Chicago, Ill.,* 1938. 141 *pp.* $1.50.

Science and the Holy Shroud is an amazing study of the real portrait of Christ as discovered by Cav. Giuseppe Enrie when he photographed the Holy Shroud of Turin, as well as a summary of the medical findings concerning the manner of Christ's crucifixion. Because even inanimate objects which played a part in Christ's suffering and death have for us a holy attraction, Catholics in general will want to read this book which tells us things concerning that divine tragedy that have been veiled for almost two thousand years. Dom Augustine has done us a distinct favor by translating the original Czech for us.

LIVING WITH GOD. *By Rev. Adolph A. Noser, S.V.D. Mission Press, Techny, Ill.* 1938. 48 *pp.* 10 *cents.*

"For many people God means nothing more than just three little letters, G-O-D, and as far as the practical effect on their lives goes, it might as well be x-y-z. Sad but true." And this condition, which Father Noser recognizes in the beginning of his little pamphlet, he seeks to remedy by acquainting his readers with the reality of the presence of God, not just around us since "for most men a being that is everywhere is nowhere," but *God in our own hearts.*

He divides his subject into three parts: The Truth Itself; The Explanation of the Truth; and Actual Living with God. Under these headings he treats briefly and tersely the scriptural and religious foundations for this doctrine of the indwelling; the doctrine explained and practiced by many of the saints; and the doctrine lived by the individual, with attention to how this attitude can be fostered or hindered.

January Mission Intention

"That those outside the true fold may return to the unity of the Church."

The mission intention of the Apostleship of Prayer for this month is especially timely in view of the Church Unity Octave which is begun on the Feast of the Chair of St. Peter at Rome, January 18, and closed on the Feast of the Conversion of St. Paul, January 25.

The idea of such an octave originated with the Very Rev. Paul James Francis, S.A., founder of the Society of the Atonement, which has its headquarters at Graymoor, N. Y. The octave was inaugurated in 1908 through THE LAMP, a magazine published by the Society, while the Friars and Sisters of the Atonement were still outside the fold of Peter. Father Paul realized that only in union would Christians find the peace promised to Christ's followers; he recognized the need of prayer to accomplish this union.

Eighteen months after the first observance, the entire Society of the Atonement was received into the Catholic Church, and three years later, while observing the octave, the Anglican Community of Benedictine monks on the Isle of Caldey and the Benedictine nuns of Milford Haven, South Wales, followed this example.

From a meager beginning at the Graymoor Monastery, the Church Unity Octave has spread into all parts of the world. Each year shows an increase in the number of participants, Catholic, non-Catholic and Orthodox. At Lyons, France, a big celebration is held annually at the Cathedral; in England, more than 1,500 Anglican clergymen observed the octave last year.

The intentions for Church Unity Week are as follows:

January 18: The return of all "other sheep" to the one fold of Peter, the One Shepherd.

January 19: The return of all Oriental Separatists to communion with the Apostolic See.

January 20: The submission of Anglicans to the authority of the Vicar of Christ.

January 21: That Lutherans and all other Protestants of continental Europe may find their way "back to Holy Mother Church."

January 22: That Christians in America may become one in communion with the Chair of St. Peter.

January 23: The return to the Sacraments of all lapsed Catholics.

January 24: The conversion of the Jews.

January 25: The missionary conquest of the world for Christ.

R.I.P.

Please pray for the repose of the souls of:

Rev. Paul Herb, New London, Wis.
Rev. C. A. Erkenswick, Chicago, Ill.
Rev. T. C. Klimke, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Rev. Otto Baumeister, Glenville, Conn.
Rev. Joseph E. Joyce, Wallingford, Conn.
Rev. John J. Downey, Hartford, Conn.
Rev. Francis P. Nolan, Hartford, Conn.
Rev. Thomas J. McGourty, Washington, D. C.
Rev. Francis M. Ward, Philadelphia, Pa.
Rev. Michael J. Ripple, O.P., Baltimore, Md.
Sister M. Magdalene Keane, Hartford, Conn.
Elizabeth D. McEnroe, West Hartford, Conn.
John J. Kennedy, New London, Conn.
Jennie Harbon, Washington, D. C.
P. Joseph Hess, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Mrs. Mary Morris, Washington, D. C.
Mrs. DeLancey Kane, New Rochelle, N. Y.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord:
And let perpetual light shine upon them.
May they rest in peace. Amen.

WORLD CRUISE

(*Continued from page* 6)

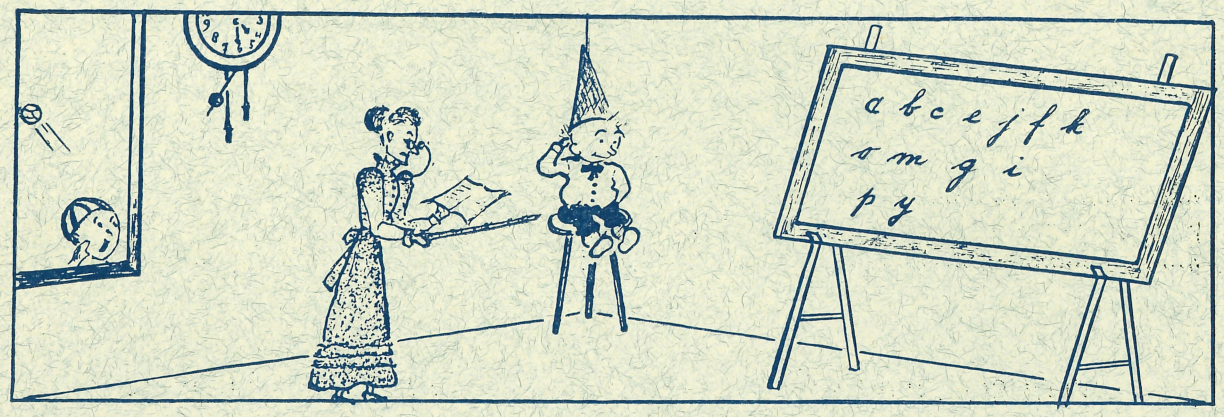
were $29,134,997, exclusive of gas and water taxes.

One of the institutions we took time to visit was Ricci College, located behind the Agricultural Department grounds. Our guide pointed out to us the tablet erected in memory of Fathers Ricci and Schall, the two famous Jesuit missionaries and scientists, and also the spot where two Jesuit Fathers had been murdered.

At every nook and corner our guide found something interesting to tell us. We scarcely noticed that the evening twilight had enveloped us until the flicker of the first lights reminded us that Mr. Wei was far from home and it was high time for us to check our eagerness to see more. Our kind guardian accompanied us to the railway station, where we bade farewell to him and assured him of our undying gratitude for having made our day in Nanking so full and so memorable. During the few hours that remained until train time, we found fascinating occupation in observing the to and fro of Chinese life at the station.

In Nanking I could not help but think of Delhi. Both cities had been capitals off and on, had risen to a pinnacle of splendor and then fallen into decay; both are capitals once more of the most populous nations of the world; both have the old culture and the achievements of present-day science side by side; both had to undergo the growing pains of modern development—only China waited too long. In the present Sino-Japanese conflict, Nanking has been wounded anew, but she will rise again from the ruins as she has done before.

Johnny Can't Move Until He Has Everything From A to Z—



—NEITHER CAN WE!

Here Are Our Motherhouse Needs:

Altar, albs, altar linen, an ax—and an Auxiliary as active as our Washington one!

Beds, blankets, bedspreads, bureaus, brooms, benches, books, bookcases, a bell, basins, brushes—nail, floor, carpet and paint, blackboards, a basketball.

Crucifixes, corporals, a cope, cruets, a censer, cinctures, candles, candlesticks, chairs, cabinets, clocks, clotheslines, clothespins, coffeepots, a COW and a CAT (good mouser!).

Dishes, dish pans, dish towels, doormats, desks, a dictionary, dust pans, dust mops, doilies.

Electric fixtures, sewing machine, irons and bulbs; egg beater.

Frigidaire, furniture, files, floor polish and polisher, frying pans, forks.

Garden tools, garden hose, glassware.

Hens, hall stands, hangers, hinges, hammers.

Incense, ironing boards.

Jars (for canning).

Kettles, knives.

Linoleum, lawn mower, ladders.

Monstrance, a big Missal, mattresses, mops a mangle, meat grinder, MOUSETRAPS —and of course, MONEY!

Napkins, nails (all sizes).

Office equipment, oil cloth.

Prieu-dieus, purificators, pots and pans, pillows and pillow cases, pictures and frames, paint, pins, pliers, pyrex plates.

Quilts.

Rakes, rope.

Sanctuary lamp, stations, stoles, surplices, sheets, soap, safe, spoons, spades, scouring powder, sieves, starch, saws, screw-drivers and a spray for fruit trees.

Tabernacle, thurible, tables, tablecloths, TYPEWRITERS, tea pots and tea kettles, trays, tool kit, trowels, thumb tacks, towels—hand and dish.

Umbrellas.

Vestments, vases, vacuum cleaner, varnish.

Washing machine, washtubs, washboards, wringers, wheelbarrow, window shades, waste baskets, washcloths.

Xtra odds and ends!

Yarn, yardstick.

Zeros—to add to the balance of the fund left for the Motherhouse!

Please write to SISTER SUPERIOR

CATHOLIC MEDICAL MISSION HOUSE

Brookland, Washington, D. C.

and tell us what you would like to give for our new Motherhouse. We will be grateful for anything, and let you know where to send it.

THE SOCIETY OF CATHOLIC MEDICAL MISSIONARIES

WASHINGTON, D. C.

The Society of Catholic Medical Missionaries is a religious community of women founded in 1925 for the purpose of providing medical care to the sick in the foreign missions.

The Motherhouse and the Novitiate are located in Brookland, Washington, D. C.

At present the Society labors in India where the Sisters conduct hospitals, dispensaries, maternity and child-welfare centers, training schools for native nurses and midwives, and similar health activities. It is the purpose of the Society to send Medical Missionaries to any mission field of the world as soon as its numbers permit.

For further information apply to

SISTER SUPERIOR
MEDICAL MISSION HOUSE, BOX 4405, BROOKLAND STATION,
WASHINGTON, D. C.